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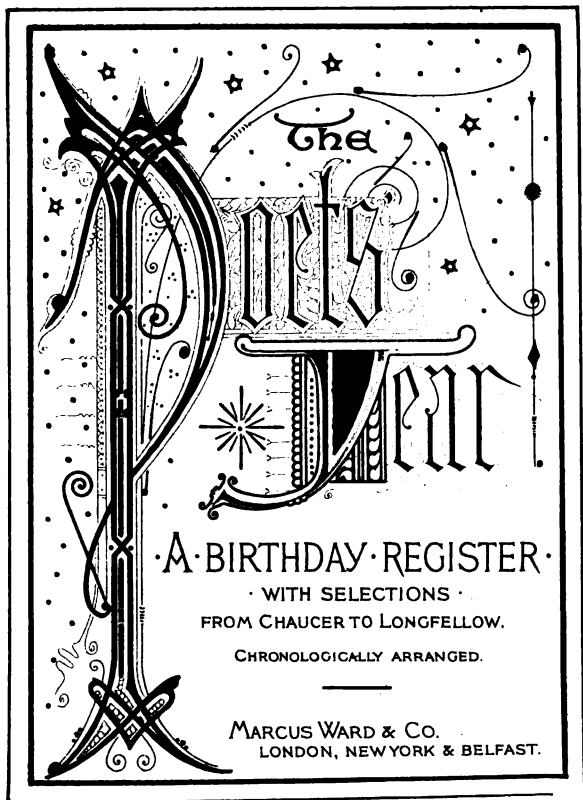
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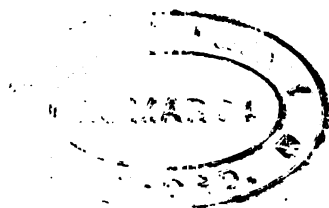




THE POETS' YEAR



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THE
P O E T S' Y E A R
A Birthday Register

WITH
SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER TO LONGFELLOW
CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED



London:
MARCUS WARD & CO., 67, CHANDOS STREET
AND ROYAL ULSTER WORKS, BELFAST
1877



THE POETS' YEAR is a Birthday Book on an entirely new principle, and has been compiled with the greatest care by persons who have made the writings of the poets whose verses are quoted a special study.

Instead of roaming indiscriminately over the wide field of poetic literature, one poet has been selected for each of the twelve months, beginning with Chaucer and ending with Longfellow.

Burns has been chosen as the representative of Scotland, Moore of Ireland, and Longfellow, the only living poet whose works are quoted, of America.

A short Memoir has been placed at the beginning of each month, and the Birthdays of Eminent Persons noted.

The selections will be found not only suitable as birthday sentiments, but such as to give a good general idea of the style and character of thought of the writers.

BELFAST, 1877.

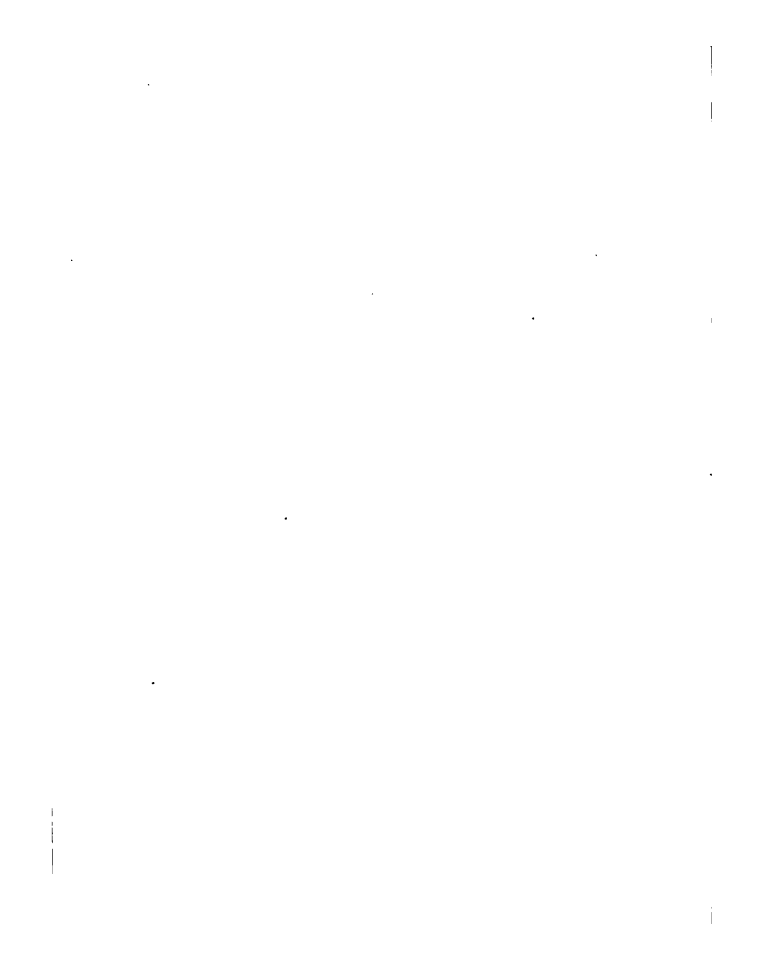


LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels on beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

SHAKSPERE.



JANUARY.

Chaucer.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the earliest of our great English poets, has with much propriety been designated "the Father of English Poetry." Spenser speaks of his writings as "the pure well of English undefiled." Milton would summon up his mighty spirit could he only have communion with it; and later poets of great celebrity—Dryden and Pope among the number—have not disdained to enrich their works by paraphrasing his

Chaucer was born in London in the year 1328. As seven cities contended for the honour of being the birth-place of Homer, so the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have at various times contended for the honour of having educated Chaucer. As a young man, he appears to have studied law in the Inner Temple, and to have enjoyed the advantage of foreign travel.

Although his works abound with enthusiastic descriptions of Nature, much of his life was that of the courtier and soldier. He stood high in the confidence of King Edward III., and was frequently employed by him as an ambassador upon important occasions. He was connected by his marriage with John of Gaunt, and held lucrative posts and enjoyed a pension. But when, under King Richard II., the power of Lancaster paled before that of Gloucester, Chaucer experienced such reverses as enabled him, by the bitter teachings of experience, to depict the traits of the fickle goddess Fortune, being obliged to flee to Holland, where he endured much poverty and distress. After his return to England he was again received into favour, and upon the accession of Henry IV. his pension was doubled. He died in the year 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, being the first to occupy a niche in that portion of the Temple of Fame now known as "the Poets' Corner."

Chaucer's *magnum opus* is the "Canterbury Tales," which is said to have been written after he had passed his sixtieth year. His other principal works are, "The Romaunt of the Rose," "Troilus and Cryseyde," "The Legende of Good Women," "The Dreame," "The House of Fame," "The Flower and the Leaf," &c. The Poet's prose, as is evidenced in the tales of "Melibeus" and of the "Parson," also bears the stamp of his genius.

January 1.

Love hym the which that right for love,
Upon a crois, oure soules for to beye,
First starfe and roos, and sitt in heven above,
For he nyl falsen no wight, dar I seye,
That wol his herte alle holly on hym leye;
And syn he best to love is, and most meke,
What nedeth feyned loves for to seke?

Troilus and Cryseyde.

Edmund Burke, 1780. Bishop Stanley, 1779.

January 2.

Alle they that of laurer chaplets beare,
Be such as hardy were, and manly indeed,—
Victorious name which never may be dede!

The Flower and the Leaf.

General Wolfe, 1727.

January 3.

But that I like, that may I not come by :
Of that I playn, that, have I habondaunce;
Sorowe and thought, thay sitte me wounder nye;
Me is withholde that myght be my plesaunce :
Yet turn agayn, my worldly suffisaunce !

The Court of Love.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, B.C. 107.

January 1.

January 2.

January 3.

January 4.

A bettre preest I trowe ther nowher non is.
He waytud after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, and ferst he folwed it himselve.

The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

Archbishop Ussher, 1580.

January 5.

He knew the cause of every maladye,
Were it of cold, or hete, or moyst, or drye,
And where thei engendrid, and of what humour;
He was a verrey parfight practisour.

The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

Dr. B. Rush, 1745.

January 6.

Not oo word spak he more than was neede;
Al that he spak it was of heye prudence,
And schort and quyk, and ful of gret sentence.
Sownynge in moral manere was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

Benjamin Franklin, 1706.

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January 7.

In women is al trouthe and stedfastnesse;
For in good faythe I never of hem sye
But moche worshyp, bounté, and gentylnesse,
Right comyng, fayre, and full of mekenesse,
Good and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,
Is this goodly angelyke creature.

A Praise of Women.

January 8.

No man may be amyable,
But if he be so ferme and stable,
That fortune chaunge hym not, ne blynde,
But that his freend alle wey hym fynde,
Both pore and riche, in oo state.

The Romaunt of the Rose.

January 9.

Worldly joy is onely fantasy,
Of quhich nane erdly wicht can be content;
Quho most has wit leste suld in it affy,
Quho traistes it most sall him repent.
Quhat valis all this richesse and this rent,
Sen no man wate quho sall his tresour have?
Presume nocht gevin that God has done but lent,
Within schort tyme the quhiche he thinkes to crave.

Leaulte vault Richesse.

January 7.

January 8.

January 9.

January 10.

He hasteth wele, that wysly kan abyde;
Be diligent and trewe, and ay wele hyde,
Be lusti, fre, persevere in thi servise,
And al is wele if thow wyrke in this wise.

Troylus and Cryseyde.

Dr. Birkbeck, 1776.

January 11.

Men fulle clerly for to se
Hym that is freend in existence
From hym that is by apparence.
For yn-fortune makith anoon,
To knowe thy freendis fro thy foon,
By experience, right as it is.

The Romaunt of the Rose.

Henry, Duke of Norfolk, 1654.

January 12.

Lo, what gentyllesse . . . women have,
If we coude knowe it for our rudenesse !
How besy they be us to kepe and save,
Both in heale, and also in sicknesse !
And alway right sory for our distresse,
In every maner; thus shewe thy routhe,
That in hem is al goodnesse and trouthe.

A Praise of Women.

January 10.

January 11.

January 12.

January 13.

Every wise man, out of drede,
Can kepe his tunge til he se nede;
And fooles can not holde her tunge;
A fooles belle is soone runge.

The Romaunt of the Rose.

Charles James Fox, 1748.

January 14.

O sodeyn wo ! that ever art successour
To worldly blis, spreyn'd is with bitternesse
The ende of our joye, of our worldly labour;
Wo occupieth the fyn of oure gladnesse.
Herken this counseil for thyn sikernessee;
Upon thyn glade dayes have in thi mynde
The unwar woo that cometh ay bihynde.

The Man of Lawes Tale.

January 15.

Knowe thy selfe first immortalle,
And loke ay besely thou werke and wysse
To comune profyte, and thou shalt never mysse
To come swiftly unto that place dere,
That ful of blysse ys, and of soules clere.

The Parlement of Briddes, or the Assembly of Fowles.

Dr. Samuel Parr, 1747.

January 13.

January 14.

January 15.

January 16.

Fortune
. . . . ys thenvyouse Charité,
That ys ay fals, and semeth wele
So turneth she hyr false whele
About, for hyt ys nothyng stable,
Now by the fire, now at table.
For many oon hath she thus yblent,
She ys pley of enchaument.

Richard Savage, 1697.

The Boke of the Duchesse.

January 17.

Me thoughte that I hearde voices sodainly,
The most sweetest and most delicious
That ever any wight, I trow truly,
Heard in here life; for sothe the armony
And sweet accord was in so good musike,
That the voices to angels most was like.

Alfieri, 1749. Mozart, 1756.

The Flower and the Leaf.

January 18.

How myght ever swetenesse han ben knowe
To hym that nevere tastede bitternesse?
Ne no man may ben inly glad, I trowe;
That nevere was in sorwe or som destresse:
Ek whit by blak, ek schame by worthynes,
Ech sett by other, more for other semeth,
As men may se; and so the wise it demeth.

Troilus and Cryseyde.

January 16.

January 17.

January 18.

January 19.

Bad he hym seethe Erthe was here so lite,
And fulle of turment, and of harde grace,
That he ne shuld hym in the world delyte.
Than told he hym, in certeyne yeres space,
That every sterre shulde come into his place,
There hit was first; and al shal out of mynde,
That in this worlde was doon of al mankynde.

The Parlement of Briddes, or the Assembly of Foules.

Copernicus, 1472.

January 20.

Fle fro the pres and dwelle with sothefastnesse;
Suffise thin owen thing thei it be smal;
For horde hathe hate, and clymyng tykelnesse:
Prees hathe envye, and wele blent oueral.
Savoure no more thanne the byhoue schal;
Reule weel thi self that other folk canst reede,
And trouthe schal delyvere, it is no drede.

Good Counseil of Chancer.

January 21.

The wery hunter slepyng in hys bed,
To woode ayeine hys mynde gooth anoon;
The jugs dremeth how hys plees ben sped;
The cartar dremeth how his cartes goone;
The ryche of golde, the knyght fyght with his fone;
The seke meteth he drynketh of the tonne;
The lover meteth he hath hys lady wonne.

The Parlement of Briddes, or the Assembly of Foules.

Thomas, Lord Erskine, 1750.

January 19.

January 20.

January 21.

January 22.

Men shal rejoysen of a grete emprise
Acheved wel.

Troilus and Cryseyde.

In arte of love I write, and songes make,
That may be song in honour of the Kyng
And Quene of Love; and than I undertake,
He that is sadde shall than fulle mery synge!

Lord Bacon, 1561. Lord Byron, 1788. *The Court of Love.*

January 23.

Allas, what harme doth apparence,
Whan hit is fals in existence!

Hyt is not al golde that glareth.
For, al-so browke I wel myn hede,
Ther may be under godelyhede
Kevered many a shrewde vice.

The House of Fame.

January 24.

That the is sent, receyve in buxhumnesse;
The wrestlyng for the worlde axeth a fal.
Here is non home, here nys but wyldernesse.
Forthe, pylgryme, forthe! forthe, beste, out of thi stal!
Knowe thi contre, loke up, thonk God of al.
Holde the heye weye, and lat thi gost the lede,
And trouthe shal delyvere, it is no drede.

Good Counseil of Chaucer.

January 22.

January 23.

January 24.

January 25.

No nede was hym biseche
To honouren them that hadde worthynesse,
And esen hem that weren in distresse.

Troilus and Cryseyde.

Robert Boyle, 1627.

January 26.

In holy writ ye may your self wel rede,
Ayens an old man, hoor upon his hede,
Ye schold arise : wherefor I yow rede,
Ne doth unto an old man more harm now,
Namore than ye wolde men dede to yow
In age, if that ye may so long abyde.

The Pardouneres Tale.

January 27.

Ful ofte,
Nexste the foule netle, rough and thikke,
The rose waxeth, swote and smothe, and softe ;
And next the valay is the hille olofte,
And nexste the derke nyght the glade morwe,
And also joye is next the fyn of sorwe.

Troilus and Cryseyde.

January 25.

January 26.

January 27.

January 28.

Be war, for no man woot how God wol smyte
In no degré, ne in which maner wise
The worm of conscience wol arise
Of wickid lyf, though it so pryvé be,
That no man woot of it but God and he.

The Tale of the Doctor of Phisic.

January 29.

Alle thyng hath tyme, I dar avowe :
For when a chaumbre afire is, or an halle,
Wel more nede is it sodenly rescowe,
Than to disputen and axe amonges alle,
How is this candele in the straw ifalle ?
A ! benedicite ! for al amonge that fare,
The harme is don, and farewell feldefare.

Troilus and Cryseyde.

January 30.

The wise seith, Wo hym that is allone,
For, and he falle, he hath non helpe him to ryse.

Troilus and Cryseyde.

Of fortunes scharp adversité,
The worste kynde of infortune is this,
A man to han ben in prosperité,
And it remembren, when it passéd is.

Ibid.

January 28.

January 29.

January 30.

Summary 31.

What is it like,

What is it like with your age,

What is it like,

What is it like,

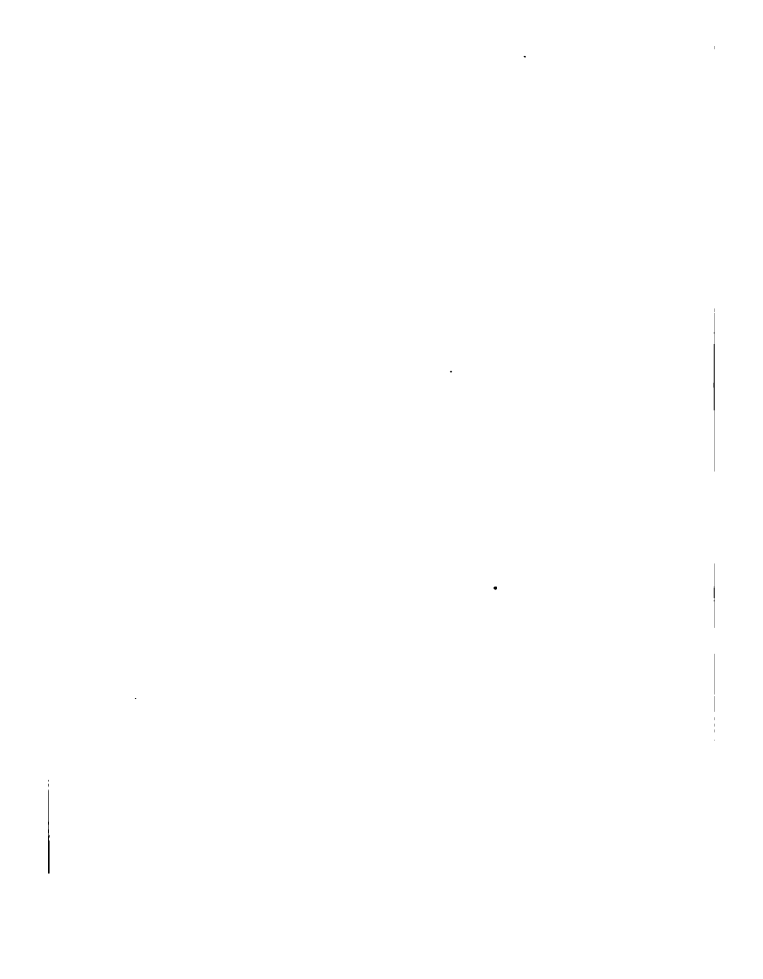
What is it like,

What is it like a faire,

What is it like a faire.

What is it like a faire.

January 31.



FEBRUARY.

Spenser.

EDMUND SPENSER was born in the year 1553 in East Smithfield, in

"Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source."

He was in his twelfth year when Shakspeare was born. On the 20th May, 1569, he was admitted a sizar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with Gabriel Harvey, whose friendship was afterwards of much service to him. He was introduced by Harvey to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he dedicated his "Shepherd's Calendar," which was published in 1579. Through the influence of his friends he received the important post of Secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, who was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Upon the recall of Lord Grey, Spenser returned with him to England, and soon after received a grant from the Crown of a portion of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond. Spenser returned to Ireland and took possession of his romantic abode at Kilcolman Castle. Upon the banks of the river Mulla, which ran through his grounds, he meditated his far-famed "Faery Queene." Sir Walter Raleigh, whom the poet describes as "the Shepherd of the Ocean," used to listen to the "flowing numbers" from the poet's own lips, and prevailed upon him to come to London to publish it. Soon after he received a pension of fifty pounds from the Royal exchequer.

The peace of the poet's life was, however, soon to depart, and the beauty and joy of his home to vanish. In the rebellion of Desmond the poet's castle was stormed and burnt. He and his wife escaped, but a dear child perished in the flames. Spenser returned to London broken-hearted. He died on January 16, 1599, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, his body, in accordance with his own request, being laid to rest beside that of Chaucer. Thirty years afterwards a monument was erected to his memory by Anne, Countess of Dorset, with the following inscription:—"Heare lyes (expecting the second comminge of our Saviour Jesus) the body of Edmond Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose divine spirit needs no other witness then the works which he left behinde him.

"He was born in London in the yeare 1553, and died in the yeare 1598."

February 1.

Came old February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.

The Faerie Queene.

February 2.

The nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeeding age.

The Ruines of Time.

Good is no good, but if it be spend;
God giveth good for no other end.

The Shepheards Calender, Maye.

John Nichols, 1744.

February 3.

Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine response meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answerèd to all.

Mendelssohn, 1809.

The Faerie Queene.

February 1.

February 2.

February 3.

Requiem 4.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the cace
Of men then beasts. But O! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
And all His workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro.

The Faerie Queene.

Requiem 5.

He is practiz'd well in policie,
To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th' intent of counsells, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men sometime,

Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit.

Sir Robert Peel, 1788. *Prosopopoeia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.*

Requiem 6.

Ay me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out at all.

The Faerie Queene.

February 4.

February 5.

February 6.

February 7.

The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.

The Faerie Queene.

Charles Dickens, 1812.

February 8.

I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied;
And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather then other should scorne at me;
For pitied is mishap that nas remedie,
But scorned bene deedes of fond foolerie.

The Shepheards Calender, Maye.

Samuel Butler, 1612.

February 9.

All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the most hie.
In vain therefore doest thou . . . take in hand
To call to count, or weigh His workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand;
Sith of things subject to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes, nor their courses dew.

Volney, 1757.

The Faerie Queene.

February 7.

February 8.

February 9.

February 10.

Where be the sweete delights of learnings treasure ?

The Teares of the Muses.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we faréd had amisse,
Us wretches from the second death did save.

Dean Milman, 1791.

An Hymne of Heavenly Love.

February 11.

I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight.

The Faerie Queene.

February 12.

God it is that feedes [men] with His grace,
The bread of life powr'd downe from heavenly place,
Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Jewes, *All shalbe taught of God.*
That same hath Jesus Christ now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught:
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is Hee;
We but His shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.

Bishop Pearson, 1618.

Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.

February 10.

February 11.

February 12.

February 13.

No fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disadvantage fownd.
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.

The Faerie Queene.

Talleyrand, 1754.

February 14.

ST. VALENTINE.

Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there may make report.

The Faerie Queene.

February 15.

Affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie round still moving masse,
The house of blessed God, which men call skye,
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
But those two most, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queene the heavens empire sway.

Galileo, 1564.

An Hymne on Heavenly Beautie.

February 13.

February 14.

February 15.

February 16.

Humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of His endlesse merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to His soveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne Him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest His blessed image beare.

An Hymne of Heavenly Love.

Melancthon, 1497. Admiral Coligny, 1516.

February 17.

It often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong;
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right.

The Faerie Queene.

Duke of Guise, 1519.

February 18.

Some clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing wereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate:
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightyes everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race.

Isaac Casaubon, 1559.

The Faerie Queene.

February 16.

February 17.

February 18.

February 19.

Why . . should witlesse man so much misweene,
That nothing is but that which he hath seene ?
What if within the moones fayre shining spheare,
What if in every other starre unseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare,
He wonder would much more; yet such to some
appeare.

The Faerie Queene.

Copernicus, 1473.

February 20.

He would his impudent lewde speach
Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,
And mocke Divines and their profession.
What else then did he by progression,
But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe ?
But what cared he for God or godlinesse ?

Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.

Voltaire, 1694.

February 21.

[Angels] their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want !
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant !
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
And all for love, and nothing for reward.

The Faerie Queene.

February 19.

February 20.

February 21.

February 22.

Ne was there ever noble corage seene,
That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost :
Honour is least where oddes appeareth most.

The Faerie Queene.

Let none mislike of that may not be mended ;
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

The Shepheards Calender, Maye.

Washington, 1781.

February 23.

It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore ;
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,
And other, that hath little, askes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise ;
For wisdom is most riches.

The Faerie Queene.

February 24.

Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a monastere did light.

The Faerie Queene.

Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes.

The Shepheards Calender, August.

Charles V., 1500.

February 22.

February 23.

February 24.

February 25.

Unto all He daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of His grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which He may
Be seene of all His creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see His face,
His glorious face ! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' Angels selves can not endure His sight.

An Hymne on Heavenly Beautie.

February 26.

Through knowledge we behould the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was ;
And judge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formelesse mas :
By knowledge wee do learne ourselves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

Arago, 1786.

The Teares of the Muses.

February 27.

Deeds do die, how ever noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay ;
But wise wordes, taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay ;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

Longfellow, 1807.

The Ruines of Time.

February 25.

February 26.

February 27.

February 28.

Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory :
If any strength we have, it is to ill ;
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

The Faerie Queene.

February 29.

[They] hear such heavenly notes and carolings
Of Gods hie prayse that fils the brazen sky,
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardely,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely think on that before them set.

An Hymne on Heavenly Beautie.

Rossini, 1792.

Febuary 28.

Febuary 29.

1

2

3

4



MARCH.

William Shakspeare.

BORN APRIL 23, 1564;

DIED APRIL 25, 1616.

IT is strange that so little is known of the life of Shakspeare, "who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul," and who was undoubtedly the foremost genius that ever England or the world produced.

Stevens says—"All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." Hallam says—"No letter of his writing—no record of his conversation—no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary can be produced."

It is generally believed that he was born on the 23rd April, 1564. In the registry of baptisms of the Parish Church of Stratford, under date April 26, 1564, is an entry of the baptism of "*Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakspeare*"—William, son of John Shakspeare.

By a marriage bond discovered in 1836, it appears that he married, sometime in 1582, "Anne Hathaway, of the diocese of Worcester, maiden, with once asking the bans," but "not without the consent of her friends."

He left Stratford in 1586, being then in his twenty-second year, and came to London. The date of his return to Stratford is not known, but the parish register shows that he was buried there on the 25th April, 1616. His tomb in the chancel of the parish church is covered with a flat stone, which bears the following inscription, supposed to have been written by himself:—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

March 1.

ST. DAVID.

Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something,
nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Othello*, Act III., Sc. 3.
Romilly, 1757.

March 2.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest,
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Juvenal, B.C. 40.

King Richard II., Act I., Sc. 1.

March 3.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Sc. 3.

Otway, 1651. Macready, 1793.

March 1.

March 2.

March 3.

March 4.

Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
Debauched on every tomb ; on every grave
A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act II., Sc. 3.

March 5.

Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast ; keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Sc. 3.

March 6.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do ;
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor.

Measure for Measure, Act I., Sc. 1.

Michael Angelo, 1474. Bishop Atterbury, 1662.

March 4.

March 5.

March 6.

March 7.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Julius Caesar, Act IV., Sc. 3.

March 8.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
Therobbed, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Othello, Act I., Sc. 3.

C. Layard, 1817.

March 9.

Fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

W. Cobbett, 1762.

King Henry VIII., Act III., Sc. 2.

March 7.

March 8.

March 9.

Paraph 10.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

As You Like It, Act II., Sc. 1.
Baily, R. A., 1788. Etty, R. A., 1789.

Paraph 11.

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

Tasso, 1544.

Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 3.

Paraph 12.

Love all, trust few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech. What heaven more will,
That may thee furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act I., Sc. 1.
Bp. Berkeley, 1684.

March 10.

March 11.

March 12.

March 13.

Nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 3.

Dr. Priestly, 1733.

March 14.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour : good alone
Is good, without a name ; vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act II., Sc. 3.

Victor Emmanuel, 1820. Prince Humbert, 1844.

March 15.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon ;
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes ;
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed ;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then : best safety lies in fear.

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 3.

March 13.

March 14.

March 15.

March 16.

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

Prince Imperial, 1856. *Merchant of Venice*, Act III., Sc. 2.

March 17.

ST. PATRICK.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry;
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.

Ebenezer Elliott, 1781. *King Henry V.*, Act IV., Sc. 1.

March 18.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

Princess Louise, 1848.

Passionate Pilgrim.

March 16.

March 17.

March 18.

Paragraph 19.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 3.

Paragraph 20.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: . . .
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Sc. 1.

Ovid, B.C. 43. Napoleon II., 1811.

Paragraph 21.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Bach, 1685. Kirke White, 1785.

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 3.

March 19.

March 20.

March 21.

Math 22.

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act III., Sc. 2.
Vandyke, 1559. Rosa Bonheur, 1822.

Math 23.

O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Laplace, 1749. *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III., Sc. 3.

Math 24.

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed ?—a beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.

Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 4.

March 22.

March 23.

March 24.

March 25.

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Murat, 1771.

King John, Act iv., Sc. 2.

March 26.

Men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour—
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Sc. 3.
Duke of Cambridge, 1819.

March 27.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 3.

March 25.

March 26.

March 27.

March 28.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly ! and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover, that stand bare !
How many be commanded, that command !
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour !

Merchant of Venice, Act II., Sc. 9.

March 29.

This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls.

Raffaello, 1485.

King Henry VIII., Act III., Sc. 2.

March 30.

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Izaak Walton, 1568.

Tempest, Act IV., Sc. 1.

_____ **May 28.** _____

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_____ **May 29.** _____

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_____ **May 30.** _____

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Quap 31.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

Descartes, 1596.

Macbeth, Act v., Sc. 5.

May 31.

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A P R I L.

Milton.

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, London, in the year 1608. Instructed by private tutors, at St. Paul's School and at the University of Cambridge, his fame as a scholar was afterwards eclipsed by the wider one he so well deserved as a poet. After leaving college and prosecuting his studies during five years in retirement at his father's house in Buckinghamshire, he entered upon a course of European travel. In his travels he was treated with the greatest respect by some of the most celebrated men of his age. On his return Milton took part in the civil strife which had arisen. This part he played, not with the sword, but with the pen; and upon Cromwell's assuming the Protectorate he was appointed his secretary. His devotion to his duties and studies led to the loss of his eyesight. To this calamity he makes reference both in his poems and prose writings. At the Restoration he was in considerable danger, and was obliged to retire into obscurity. Beset with difficulties and well-nigh overwhelmed with adversity, the poet meditated and wrote his matchless work, "Paradise Lost," which was published as he was reaching his sixtieth year. His Quaker friend, Elwood, having perused the manuscript, returned it with the remark, "Thou hast said much of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" Milton said nothing at the time, but we are indebted to his friend's remark for "Paradise Regained." Together with the latter poem appeared the tragedy of "Samson Agonistes." Four years afterwards, viz., in 1674, Milton died at his house in Bunhill Fields. He was buried at St. Giles', Cripplegate; and in 1737 the tomb in Westminster Abbey was raised to his memory.

Milton's prose, like his poetry, is characterised by the splendour of his learning and the classical precision of his style. Our most brilliant essayist and historian has described him as "the glory of English literature." His "glory" is, however, most resplendent in his poems, and his fame is principally founded upon them. In addition to those already named, we may mention his "Il Penseroso," "L'Allegro," "Lycidas," "Arcades," and "Comus." He wrote also some elegant Latin pieces, several Italian Sonnets, and other minor poems.

April 1.

This is true glory and renown, when God,
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all His angels, who with true applause
Recount His praises.

Paradise Regained, Book III.

Sir T. F. Buxton, Bart., 1786.

April 2.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

Sonnets, XXI.

Hans Andersen, 1805.

April 3.

If I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace ?

Paradise Regained, Book IV.

George Herbert, 1593.

April 1.

April 2.

April 3.

April 4.

Be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils :
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion !

Comus.

April 5.

Who can impair Thee, Mighty King, or bound
Thy empire ? Easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their councils vain,
Thou hast repelled ; while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from Thee withdraw
The number of Thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen Thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more Thy might.

Paradise Lost, Book vii.

Hobbes, 1588. Dr. Edmund Calamy, 1671.

April 6.

Shalt thou give law to God ? shalt thou dispute
With Him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and formed the powers of Heaven
Such as He pleased, and circumscribed their being ?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident He is.

Paradise Lost, Book v.

April 4.

April 5.

April 6.

April 7.

Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retiréd solitude;
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

Wordsworth, 1770.

Comus.

April 8.

Let us ever praise Him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

London, 1783.

Paradise Lost, Book vi.

April 9.

God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Sonnets, XIX.

April 7. _____
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April 8. _____
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April 9. _____
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April 10.

How charming is divine philosophy !
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Comus.

Hugo Grotius, 1583.

April 11.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

Lycidas.

Canning, 1770.

April 12.

I take thy word
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
In courts of princes, where it first was named
And yet is most pretended.

Comus.

April 10.

April 11.

April 12.

April 13.

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild æery flight.

Samson Agonistes.

Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, 1593.

April 14.

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.

Paradise Lost, Book viii.

Princess Beatrice, 1857.

April 15.

God hath now sent His living oracle
Into the world to teach His final will,
And sends His Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

Paradise Regained, Book ii.

April 13.

April 14.

April 15.

April 16.

Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference ; whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God.

Paradise Lost, Book v.

Sir Hans Sloane, 1660.

April 17.

Let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high-embowéd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

Il Penseroso.

Bp. Stillingfleet, 1635.

April 18.

If thou well observe
The rule of *Not too much* ; by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st ; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return :
So may'st thou live ; till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap ; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd.

Abernethy, 1764.

Paradise Lost, Book xi.

_____ April 16. _____

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_____ April 17. _____

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_____ April 18. _____

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April 19.

Dire was the noise
Of conflict, overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rushed
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage.

Viscount Exmouth, 1767.

Paradise Lost, Book vi.

April 20.

I should ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial sovranity, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty, or danger, could deter
Me from attempting.

Paradise Lost, Book ii.

Louis Napoleon, 1808.

April 21.

The cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise.

Bp. Heber, 1783.

Ode, "At a Solemn Music."

April 19.

April 20.

April 21.

April 22.

Our voluntary service He requires,
Not our necessitated ; such with Him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find ; for how
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose ?

Paradise Lost, Book v.

April 23.

ST. GEORGE.

What needs my Shakspeare, for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones ?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

Shakspeare, 1564.

Miscellanies.—An Epitaph, &c.

April 24.

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways.

Paradise Lost, Book iv.

Edmund Cartwright, 1743.

April 22.

April 23.

April 24.

April 25.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed.

Sonnets, XVI.

O. Cromwell, 1599. Brunel, 1769.

April 26.

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.

David Hume, 1711.

Samson Agonistes.

April 27.

In place thyself so high above thy peers,
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
That to His only Son, by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess Him rightful King?

Gibbon, 1737.

Paradise Lost, Book v.

April 25.

April 26.

April 27.

April 28.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due.

Paradise Regained, Book III.

Earl of Shaftesbury, 1801.

April 29.

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Paradise Lost, Book v.

April 30.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

Paradise Lost, Book v.

April 28.

April 29.

April 30.

M A Y.

Dryden.

JOHAN DRYDEN, son of Erasmus and Mary Dryden, born at Aldwincle in Northamptonshire on the 9th of August, 1631, was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. He went to London in 1657, and wrote his first important work, "Heroic Stanzas," in memory of the Protector, on Cromwell's death. After the Restoration, he broke with all his family traditions, and became an enthusiastic Royalist. His first play, "The Wild Gallant," was acted in February, 1663. On the 1st of December of the same year he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, by whom he had three sons—Charles, John, and Erasmus Henry.

In 1670 Dryden succeeded Sir William Davenant as Poet Laureate. A few months after the accession of James II., Dryden, who had argued against the Roman Catholic religion in "Religio Laici," and satirised it in the "Spanish Friar," became a convert to it, and wrote the allegory of "The Hind and the Panther" in its praise. After the Revolution, Dryden lost his place in the Customs and the Laureateship. This loss of income turned him again towards the drama; and he next devoted himself to translation, in which his greatest work is his "Virgil." He also translated Persius, five Satires of Juvenal, and made free adaptations of tales from Chaucer and Boccaccio. He died May 1, 1700.

Dryden was a perfect master of English style and a skilful versifier, but is perhaps chiefly famous as a satirist. "Absalom and Achitophel" (Nov., 1681) is famous for its portraits of Shaftesbury (Achitophel) and Buckingham (Zimri). "The Medal," also against Shaftesbury, was published in March, 1682. "Mac Flecknoe" (1682) is a satire on Shadwell, who had written a reply to "The Medal." "All for Love" (1677-8), Dryden's own favourite, and "Aurengzebe" (1675), are his best plays. "Astrea Redux" and "Threnodia Augustalis" were written, the former on the Restoration of Charles II., the latter on his death. The "Annus Mirabilis" relates the events of the year 1666, especially the sea-fight with the Dutch (June 1-4) and the great fire. His Odes for St. Cecilia's Day (1687, 1697) are among the finest in the English language.

May 1.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year :
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.

Palamon and Arcite, Book II.

May 2.

For little souls on little shifts rely,
And coward arts of mean expedients try ;
The noble mind will dare do anything but lie.

The Hind and the Panther.

May 3.

A name to all succeeding ages curst :
For close designs and crooked counsels fit.

Absalom and Achitophel.

Nic. Macchiavelli, 1469.

May 1.

May 2.

May 3.

May 4.

Scarcely she knew that she was great or fair,
Or wise beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare.

Eleonora.

May 5.

A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shared by all.

Britannia Rediviva.

Justinian, 482.

May 6.

Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend ;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Even kings but play, and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.

Palamon and Arcite, Book III

May 4.

May 5.

May 6.

May 7.

Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

To Congreve.

May 8.

Dare to be great, without a guilty crown ;
View it, and lay the bright temptation down :
'Tis base to seize on all, because you may ;
That's empire, that which I can give away.

Aurengzebe.

Cromwell refuses the Crown, 1657. William Jay, 1769.

May 9.

Tears for a stroke foreseen afford relief ;
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.

Threnodia Augustalis.

May 7.

May 8.

May 9.

May 10.

Fate's dark recesses we can never find ;
But Fortune at some hours to all is kind ;
The lucky have whole days, which still they choose ;
The unlucky have but hours, and those they lose.

Tyrannic Love.

May 11.

Thus, when black clouds draw down the labouring
skies,
Ere yet abroad the wing'd thunder flies,
An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.

Astræa Redux.

May 12.

My torch is out ; and the world stands before me
Like a black desert at the approach of night :
I'll lay me down, and stray no further on.

All for Love.

May 10.

May 11.

May 12.

May 13. _____

May 14. _____

May 15. _____

May 13.

A spirit fit to start into an empire,
And look the world to law.

Cleomenes.

Maria Theresa, 1717.

May 14.

But, ah ! how insincere are all our joys,
Which sent from Heaven, like lightning make no
stay !
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

Annus Mirabilis.

May 15.

And Heaven, that seemed regardless of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create,
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace
As nature bred and interest did increase.

Astræa Redux.

Cardinal Alberoni, 1664.

May 13.

May 14.

May 15.

May 16.

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Conquest of Granada.

May 17.

Nor are you, learned friend, the least renowned;
Whose fame, not circumscribed with English ground,
Flies like the nimble journeys of the light,
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.

To Dr. Charleton.

Edward Jenner, 1749.

May 18.

Before we have desried it,
There is no bliss beside it;
But she that once has tried it
Will never love again.

Spanish Friar.

May 16.

May 17.

May 18.

May 19.

Rough in battle,
As the first Romans, when they went to war ;
Yet, after victory, more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home !

All for Love.

May 20.

But poets are confined in narrower space,
To speak the language of their native place ;
The painter widely stretches his command :
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Albert Dürer, 1471.

May 21.

In what a ruin has thy headstrong pride
And boundless thirst for empire plunged thy people !

Don Sebastian.

Now, where are the successors to my name ?
What bring they to fill out a poet's fame ?
Weak, short-lived issues of a feeble age.

Prologue to Troilus and Cressida.

Philip II., 1527. Alexander Pope, 1688.

May 19.

May 20.

May 21.

May 22.

The gods, that in my fortunes were unkind,
Gave me not sceptres, nor such gilded things ;
But whilst I wanted crowns, enlarged my mind
To despise sceptres and dispose of kings.

The Indian Queen.

May 23.

“My lady liege,” said he,
“What all your sex desire is *Sovereignty*.
The wife affects her husband to command ;
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.”

Wife of Bath.

Catherine II., 1729.

May 24.

Queen Victoria, 1819.

Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign,
But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest.

The Medal.

Linnaeus, 1707.

_____ **May 22.** _____

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May 25.

If I fall,
It shall be like myself; a setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.

Don Sebastian.

Know, sir, there's a proud modesty in merit,
Averse from begging, and resolved to pay
Ten times the gift it asks.

Cleomenes.

May 26.

Greatness, and noise, and show, are your delight;
Yet wise men love you in their own despite;
And finding in their native wit no ease,
Are forced to put your folly on to please.

Aurengzebe.

May 27.

Disgraced, distressed, in exile and alone,
He's greater than a monarch on his throne.

Conquest of Granada.

Dante Alighieri, 1265.

_____ **May 25.** _____

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_____ **May 26.** _____

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_____ **May 27.** _____

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May 28.

Of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies.

Absalom and Achitophel.

William Pitt, 1759.

May 29.

How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renewed the expiring pomp of May !
A month that owns an interest in your name ;
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.

Astræa Redux.

Charles II., 1680. Sarah Jennings, 1660.

May 30.

Virtue's his path ; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul ; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills.

All for Love.

Peter the Great, 1672.

May 28.

May 29.

May 30.

May 31.

When love did of my heart possession take,
I was so young, my soul was scarce awake :
I cannot tell when first I thought you fair,
But sucked in love insensibly as air.

Marriage-à-la-Mode.

May 31.

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J U N E.

Pope.

ALEXANDER POPE, son of Alexander Pope, a retired linen-draper, and Edith Turner, his wife, was born May 21, 1688. A sickly and precocious child, he was almost entirely self-taught. He began very early to compose, and his *Pastorals* were published by Jacob Tonson in 1709. He became associated with the eminent writers of that time—Swift, Steele, and Addison, the last having previously commended the "Essay on Criticism" in the "Spectator." The "Rape of the Lock," in its original form, was written in 1712 to reconcile Miss Arabella Fermor with Lord Petre, who had cut off a lock of her hair. Next year he enlarged it, contrary to Addison's advice, by introducing the Sylphs. Its success was complete, and the poem remains, of its kind, unique. In 1715–20 was published his translation of the "Iliad," and his "Odyssey," translated in conjunction with Fenton and Broome, appeared in 1723–5. Whatever their defects as translations, their merits as poems were unquestionable, and they gave Pope an independent fortune, and secured him his place among contemporary writers. A flirtation with the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu ended in a violent enmity, and Pope satirised her most bitterly, chiefly under the name of Sappho. Dennis, the critic, and others, who had offended Pope, were ridiculed in the "Dunciad" (Books I.–III., 1728, and Book IV., 1741). Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, to whom Swift had introduced him, gave him suggestions for the "Essay on Man" (1732–4). This was followed by the "Imitations of Horace" (1733–8), in which Addison (Atticus), Lady M. W. Montagu, Lord Hervey, and others are attacked. Pope's mother, to whom he had been devoted, died in 1733; and Swift's madness took from him one of his dearest friends. Pope died May 30, 1744.

Pope was an invalid all his life, and much that disfigures his character must be attributed to his health. His dislikes and his friendships were alike lasting. He was, like his parents, a Roman Catholic, but he was not a bigot.

His work is always elaborately finished, his satire biting, and many of his verses have passed into proverbs. His influence on English literature has been great, and Byron has spoken of him as "a poet of a thousand years."

June 1.

Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous even to taste—'tis sense,
Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Moral Essays.

Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, 1560.

June 2.

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

Summer, a Pastoral.

June 3.

"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?" She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never, reached one generous thought.
Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

Moral Essays.

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June 4.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn :
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
A gownman, learned ; a bishop, what you will ;
Wise if a minister ; but if a king,
More wise, more learned, more just, more everything.

Moral Essays.

George III., 1738. Lord Eldon, 1751.

June 5.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

Essay on Man.

Socrates, B.C. 468. Adam Smith, 1723.

June 6.

The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire ;
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.

To Mr. Jervas.

Diego Velasquez, 1599. Pierre Cornelle, 1606.

_____ June 4. _____

_____ June 5. _____

_____ June 6. _____

June 7.

Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Rape of the Lock.

June 8.

A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.

Satires.

Cagliostro, 1748.

June 9.

You too proceed ! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair ;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main ;
These honours peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

Moral Essays.

George Stephenson, 1781.

June 7.

June 8.

June 9.

June 10.

Oh ! be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend !
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.

To Martha Blount.

June 11.

A vile encomium doubly ridicules ;
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness ; and if lies,
" Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."

Imitations of Horace.

June 12.

Be one poet's praise,
That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways ;
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.

Epistle to Arbuthnot.

C. Kingsley, 1819. Harriet Martineau, 1802.

June 10.

June 11.

June 12.

June 13.

Thus in a sea of folly tossed,
My choicest hours of life are lost ;
Yet always wishing to retreat,—
Oh, could I see my country seat !

Imitations of Horace.

Frances Burney, 1752.

June 14.

Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike.
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Rape of the Lock.

June 15.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.

Essay on Man.

_____ June 13. _____

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_____ June 15. _____

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June 16.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Essay on Criticism.

June 17.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix ?
Then give humility a coach and six.

Essay on Man.

John Wesley, 1784. Ferdinand Freiligrath, 1810.

June 18.

Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought.

Temple of Fame.

Waterloo, 1815.

June 16.

June 17.

June 18.

June 19.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?
'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.

Essay on Man.

Blaise Pascal, 1623.

June 20.

How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.

June 21.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Ode on Solitude.

June 19.

June 20.

June 21.

June 22.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is whisk, whose treat a toast in sack ;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

To Martha Blount.

June 23.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.

Essay on Man.

G. W. Leibnitz, 1646.

June 24.

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold.
Oh, wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame !
What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
Some greedy minion or imperious wife.

Essay on Man.

John, Duke of Marlborough, 1650. A. Dumas, 1803.

_____ June 22. _____

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_____ June 23. _____

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_____ June 24. _____

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June 25.

And trust me, dear ! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Rape of the Lock.

June 26.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administered is best :
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Essay on Man.

June 27.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind !

Essay on Man.

Charles XII. of Sweden, 1682.

June 25.

June 26.

June 27.

June 28.

Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.

Moral Essays.

J. J. Rousseau, 1712.

June 29.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

Essay on Man.

June 30.

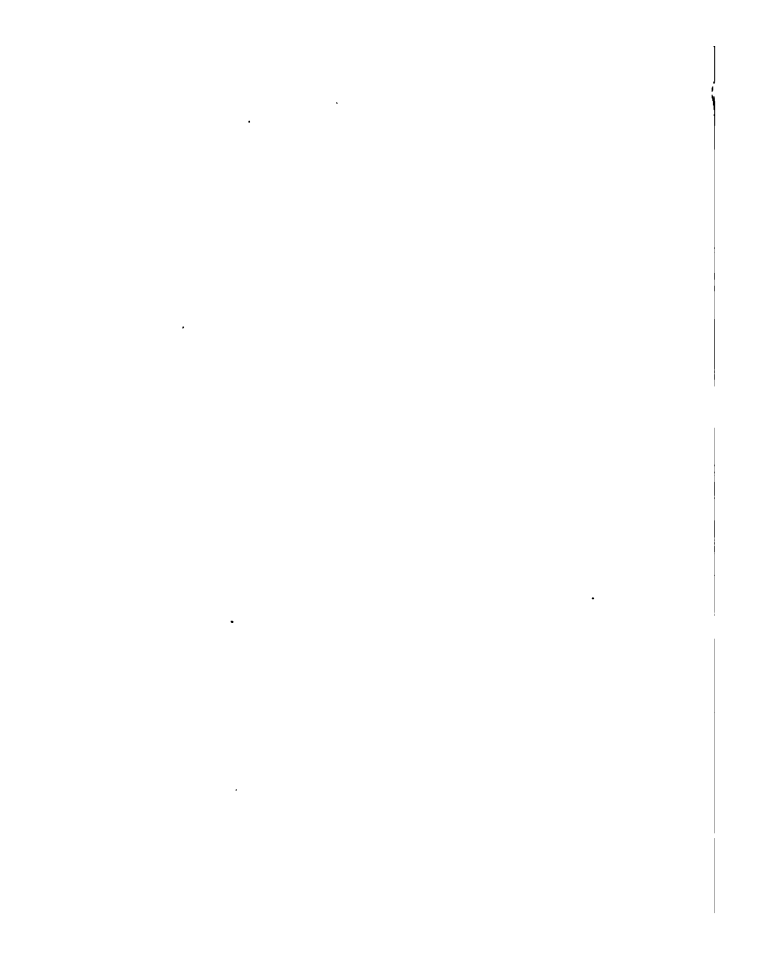
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind ;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide.

Windsor Forest.

June 28.

June 29.

June 30.



J U L Y.

Burns.

ROBERT BURNS, son of a country gentleman's bailiff, was born at Alloway, near Ayr, January 25, 1759. He received at the common school a good English education, and he read carefully the few books to which he had access, among which were the "Spectator" and the works of Pope, and he taught himself to read French. In 1766 his father took a small farm, on which Robert worked with his brother Gilbert. In February, 1784, his father died, and the brothers stocked a farm for the benefit of the family. Soon after, he became acquainted with Jean Armour, daughter of a stonemason at Mauchline, who afterwards became his wife. In 1786, owing to difficulties at home, he intended to take a situation in Jamaica, but determined before going to publish the poems which he had composed. They were printed at Kilmarnock, and obtained an immediate success. He accordingly gave up all thoughts of leaving Scotland, and published a second edition the following year at Edinburgh. He now gained access to the literary circles of Edinburgh, but at the same time fell into dissipated habits. With the profits of his poems he took a farm near Dumfries, and married Jean Armour (1788). He was afterwards appointed to the Excise, and in 1791 left his farm and removed to Dumfries. Here he lived a reckless life, broken by vehement bursts of remorse. Here too it was that he wrote the songs for Mr. Thompson's collection, including "Bannockburn." In the winter of 1795-6 he was attacked with rheumatic fever, and died at Dumfries, July 18, 1796.

In all kinds of short poems Burns excelled—satire ("Holy Fair," "Holy Willie's Prayer," &c.), odes, love songs. He is peculiarly the poet of Scotland. In this respect should be mentioned "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Halloween," and "Tam o' Shanter," Burns's own favourite.

July 1.

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield.

Song—Country Lassie.

Battle of the Boyne, 1690.

July 2.

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
For which they never toiled nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

To James Smith.

July 3.

Of all the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.

Song—I Love my Jean.

July 1.

July 2.

July 3.

July 4.

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Song.

Declaration of Independence, 1776.

July 5.

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale ;—
But is his heart as true ?

Song—My Chloris.

July 6.

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van—
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair ;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

John Flaxman, 1755.

To Dr. Blacklock.

July 4.

July 5.

July 6.

July 10.

The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears,
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

Epigram.

Calvin, 1509.

July 11.

Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

'Song—Altho' thou maun never be mine.

July 12.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your hearts return.

Song—Logan Braes.

C. Julius Cæsar, B.C. 100.

July 10.

July 11.

July 12.

July 13.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises.

Tam o' Shanter.

July 14.

And then, a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae.

Death and Doctor Hornbook.

John Hunter, 1728.

July 15.

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
To muse upon my charmer.

Song—Now Westlin Winds.

July 13.

July 14.

July 15.

July 16.

Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crowned with flowery hay, came Rural Joy
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye.

Brigs of Ayr.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723.

July 17.

That there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny :
They say their owner is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

Epigram.

July 18.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a',
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud of Robin.

Song—There was a Lad.

Burns died, 1796.

July 16.

July 17.

July 18.

July 19.

Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown.

A Winter Night.

July 20.

Thine is the self-approving glow
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

To Chloris.

John Sterling, 1806.

July 21.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

Song—Craigie-burn Wood.

July 19.

July 20.

July 21.

July 22.

But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themsels to vex them.

Twa Dogs.

July 23.

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

Song—Whistle owre the lave o't.

July 24.

By early poverty to hardship steeled,
And trained to arms in stern Misfortune's field.

Brigs of Ayr.

J. F. Curran, 1750.

July 22.

July 23.

July 24.

July 25.

With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

To Robert Graham.

July 26.

The tender thrill, the pitying tear
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms,—
These are all immortal charms.

Song—Peggy's Charms.

July 27.

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern :
Some seemed to muse, some seemed to dare,
With features stern.

Thomas Campbell, 1777.

The Vision.

July 25.

July 26.

July 27.

July 28.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv am I :
And I will luv thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Song—A Red, Red Rose.

July 29.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious *self-control*
Is wisdom's root.

Bard's Epitaph.

July 30.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace ;
Through fair, through foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey.

To James Smith.

July 28.

July 29.

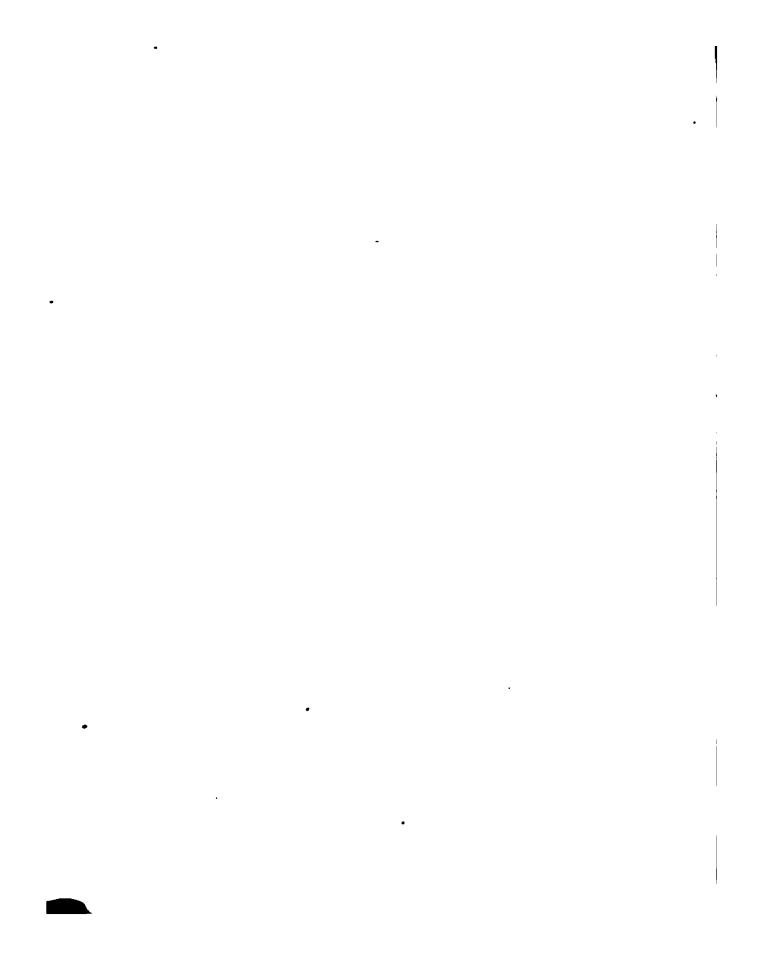
July 30.

July 31.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither !

Song—Bonnie Lesley.

July 31.



AUGUST.

Cowper.

WILLIAM COWPER, "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers," was born on the 26th November, 1731, in the "Pastoral House" of Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, of which parish his father, the Rev. John Cowper, D.D., was rector.

He was, as he himself describes it, "taken from the nursery and from the immediate care of a most indulgent mother," who died when he was six years old, and sent to a public school. The extreme delicacy of his organisation, mental and physical, rendered him peculiarly timid and sensitive, and the rough treatment he met with from his schoolfellows injured his health, and laid the foundations of the nervous affection from which he suffered during his life.

At the age of fourteen he was sent to Westminster School, where he made considerable progress in the study of the Greek and Latin Classics. His translation of Homer, one of the best extant, bears testimony alike to the accuracy of his scholarship and his poetic talent. Looking back on this part of his life, he says the only source of regret it presented to him was the "lack of religious instruction."

In 1749 he was articled to an attorney, and three years afterwards entered the Middle Temple as a law student, and was called to the Bar in 1754. Family interest procured him, when in his thirty-fourth year, the place of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords; but the dread of having to appear in public brought on nervousness, and obliged him to resign the post. After partially recovering, he retired to Huntingdonshire, and resided with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Unwin, and after the death of the former, with the widow at Olney, Bucks. Of the well-known "Olney Hymns," published by his intimate friend, the Rev. John Newton, Cowper furnished as many as sixty-eight. In 1773 a second mental attack, taking the form of religious despondency, lasted four years. On his recovery he applied himself to literary work, and produced the several poems—"Progress of Error," "Truth," "Table Talk," "Charity," &c., which appeared in 1782. Three years later, "The Task" and "Tirocinium" were published. In 1794 he again sank into a state of melancholy, from which he never quite recovered, and died April 25, 1800.

August 1.

He follow'd Paul ; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same.
Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease ;
Like him he labour'd, and like him content
To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.

Hope.

Abbé Huc, Chinese Missionary, 1818.

August 2.

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct ;
The language plain, and incidents well link'd ;
Tell not as new what ev'rybody knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close ;
There cent'ring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet.

Conversation.

August 3.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with her song.

Nightingale and Glowworm.

Hark ! how it floats upon the dewy air !
O what a dying, dying close was there !

The Progress of Error.

Christine Nillson, 1843.

August 1.

August 2.

August 3.

August 4.

Some travel Nature up
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars, why some are fix'd,
And planetary some; what gave them first
Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light.

The Task.

Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, Irish Astronomer and Scholar, 1805.

August 5.

Self starts nothing, but what tends apace
Home to the goal, where it began the race.
Such as our motive is, our aim must be;
If this be servile, that can ne'er be free;
If self employ us, whatsoe'er is wrought,
We glorify that self, not him we ought.

Charity.

August 6.

The soul whose sight all-quick'ning grace renews,
Takes the resemblance of the good she views,
As diamonds, stripp'd of their opaque disguise,
Reflect the noonday glory of the skies.

Charity.

Archbishop Fénelon, 1651.

August 4.

August 5.

August 6.

August 7.

His pow'r secured thee, when presumptuous Spain
Baptized her fleet invincible in vain;
Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resign'd
To ev'ry pang that racks an anxious mind,
Ask'd of the waves that broke upon his coast,
What tidings! and the surge replied—All lost!

Expostulation.

August 8.

But reason still, unless divinely taught,
Whate'er she learns, learns nothing as she ought;
The lamp of revelation only shows,
What human wisdom cannot but oppose,
That man,
Though fair without and luminous within,
Is still the progeny and heir of sin.

Charity.

Dr. Francis Hutcheson, Philosopher, 1694.

August 9.

Nature seldom (as if fearful of expense)
Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence—
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colours, dipp'd in Heaven, that never die.

John Dryden, 1691.

Table Talk.

August 7.

August 8.

August 9.

August 10.

Such men are rais'd to station and command.
When Providence means mercy to a land,
He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address, to seize with pow'r,
The crisis of a dark, decisive hour.

Table Talk.

Sir Charles James Napier, 1782.

August 11.

Ingenious Art, with her expressive face,
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race;
Not only fills Necessity's demand,
But overcharges her capacious hand:
Capricious Taste itself can crave no more,
Than she supplies from her abounding store.

Charity.

Joseph Nollekens, Sculptor, 1737.

August 12.

The mind, despatch'd upon her busy toil,
Should range where Providence has bless'd the soil;
Visiting ev'ry flow'r with labour meet,
And gath'ring all her treasures sweet by sweet,
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips.

George B. Sowerby, Naturalist, 1788.

Conversation.

August 10.

August 11.

August 12.

August 13.

Himself but half deceived,
Till others have the soothing tale believed.

If stubborn Greek refuse to be his friend,
Hebrew or Syriac shall be forced to bend;
If languages and copies all cry, No—
Somebody proved it centuries ago.

The Progress of Error.

August 14.

A critic on the sacred book should be
Candid and learn'd, dispassionate and free;
Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,
From fancy's influence, and intemp'rate zeal.

The Progress of Error.

Merie Casaubon, Protestant Divine, 1599.

August 15.

To nought but his ambition true,
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.

Table Talk.

'Tis hard, indeed, if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;
That now and then a hero must de cease,
That the surviving world may live in peace.

Napoleon Buonaparte, 1769.

Conversation.

August 13.

August 14.

August 15.

August 16.

Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear.

Conversation.

Merle D'Aubigné, 1794.

August 17.

Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose humourous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile.

Tirocinium.

Frederika Bremer, 1801.

August 18.

Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
T' improve the fortitude that bears the load,
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of Wisdom, all whose paths are peace ;
A vet'ran warrior in the Christian field.

Conversation.

Henry Hammond, D.D., Divine, 1605.

August 16.

August 17.

August 18.

August 19.

The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an able sort,
Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.

Retirement.

Barthélemy St. Hilaire, French Author and Statesman, 1805.

August 20.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
Th' expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts
T' arrest the fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast.

The Task.

Cornelle, French Poet, 1710.

August 21.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more ! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report.

St. Francis de Sales, 1567.

The Time-piece.

August 19.

August 20.

August 21.

August 22.

Ask now of history's authentic page,
And call up evidence from ev'ry age;
Display with busy and laborious hand
The blessings of the most indebted land.

They breathed in faith their well-directed pray'rs,
And the true God, the God of truth, was theirs.

John Hill Burton, LL.D., F.R.S.E., 1809.

Expostulation.

August 23.

I admire,
None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls.

Frank Stone, R.A., Painter, 1800.

The Task.

August 24.

Friend of the poor, the wronged, the fetter-gall'd,
Fear not, lest labour such as thine be vain.
Thou hast achieved a part; hast gain'd the ear
Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause.

To William Wilberforce in 1792.

“I go to make freemen of slaves.”

William Wilberforce, Philanthropist, 1759.

Morning Dream.

August 22.

August 23.

August 24.

August 25.

Philosophy, that does not dream or stray,
Walks arm in arm with Nature all his way;
Compasses earth, dives into it, ascends
Whatever steep Inquiry recommends,
And brings at his return a bosom charged
With rich instruction, and a soul enlarged.

Charity.

Baron Bunsen, 1791.

August 26.

To nurse with tender care the thriving arts;
Watch every beam Philosophy imparts;
To give Religion her unbridled scope,
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;
With close fidelity and love unfeign'd,
To keep the matrimonial bond unstain'd;
Covetous only of a virtuous praise;
His life a lesson to the land he sways.

Prince Consort, 1819.

Table Talk.

August 27.

There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.

St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, 430.

The Time-piece.

August 25.

August 26.

August 27.

August 28.

I know the mind that feels, indeed, the fire
The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.

Table Talk.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe, 1749.

August 29.

Patient of contradiction as a child,
Affable, humble, diffident, and mild;
Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke.

The Progress of Error.

John Locke, 1632.

August 30.

Then sweet to muse upon His skill display'd
(Infinite skill) in all that He has made !
To trace in Nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of pow'r divine.

These are Thy glorious works, thou Source of good,
How dimly seen, how faintly understood !

Wm. Paley, D.D., 1743.

Retirement.

August 28.

August 29.

August 30.

August 31.

A story in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains :

A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied.

.

A great retailer of this curious ware.

Conversation.

Charles Lever, Novelist, 1806.

August 31.



SEPTEMBER.

William Wordsworth.

BORN APRIL 7, 1770;

DIED APRIL 25, 1850.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, one of the greatest English poets, was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland on the 7th April, 1770. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, as a student, in October, 1778, and took his degree of B.A. in 1791.

His first literary venture, "The Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," which appeared in 1791, met with no public favour. Coleridge, however, thought it a work of great promise, and says of it—"Seldom or ever was the emergence of an original poetical genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced."

His next publication, "Lyrical Ballads," which was "intended as a protest against the artificial literature of the period," and to which Coleridge contributed the "Ancient Mariner" and two other poems, appeared in 1798, and was met with a perfect storm of contempt and ridicule. But the poet's faith in his own genius and ultimate success was not shaken by these censures. Writing to a friend of these unfavourable criticisms on his poems, he says, "Of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny?—to console the afflicted—to add sunshine to daylight, and make the happy happier:—to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, to feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we are mouldered in our graves."

This prediction has been largely fulfilled. Public feeling has changed, and the prejudices that so long prevented his genius from being appreciated have vanished, and he is now universally acknowledged as one of the greatest poets of his age.

In 1839 the University of Oxford honoured him with the degree of D.C.L., and in 1843, on the death of Southey, he was appointed Poet Laureate.

On the 25th April, 1850, in his eightieth year, he breathed his last, honoured and distinguished alike by the moral elevation of his poetry and the purity and gentleness of his life.

September 1.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Lady Blessington, 1789.

Intimations of Immortality.

September 2.

The Primal duties shine aloft—like stars;
The charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here !

John Howard, 1726.

The Excursion.

September 3.

“Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays;
Heavy is Woe;—and Joy, for human-kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze !”
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning mind
And colour life's dark cloud with Orient rays.

Eugène de Beauharnois, 1781.

Sonnet.

September 1.

September 2.

September 3.

September 4.

Whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is—hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be.

The Prelude.

Pindar, B.C. 518. Count d'Orsay, 1801.

September 5.

Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat;
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists,
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not.

The Excursion.

Richelieu, 1585. Louis XIV., 1638. Meyerbeer, 1794.

September 6.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: . . . neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Shall e'er prevail against us, nor disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

Lines written near Tintern Abbey.

September 4.

September 5.

September 6.

September 7.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Poems of Imagination.

Queen Elizabeth, 1533. Earl of Leicester, 1533.

September 8.

Even such a shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

The Excursion.

Ariosto, 1474.

September 9.

I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts—a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Archbishop Trench, 1807.

Poems of Imagination.

September 7.

September 8.

September 9.

September 10.

September 11.

September 12.

September 13.

Moral truth
Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;
And which, once built, retains a stedfast shape
And undisturbed proportions; but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents:
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves.

The Excursion.

Lord Burleigh, 1520.

September 14.

He had observed the progress and decay
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;
The history of many families;
How they prospered; how they were overthrown
By passion or mischance, or such misrule
Among the unthinking masters of the earth
As makes the nations groan.

The Excursion.

Cornellus Agrippa, 1486. Humboldt, 1760.

September 15.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy her own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength according to their need.

Lord Campbell, 1779. Fenimore Cooper, 1789. *Ode to Duty.*

September 13.

September 14.

September 15.

September 16.

Ethereal Minstrel ! Pilgrim of the sky !

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the earth a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and home.

Ode to the Skylark.

September 17.

Stoop from your height, ye proud, and copy those
Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place, can hear
The voice of Wisdom whispering Scripture texts
For the mind's government, or temper's peace ;
And recommending for their mutual need,
Forgiveness, Patience, Hope, and Charity.

The Excursion.

September 18.

Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes ; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul ; love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in Heaven above.

From the Italian of Michael Angelo.

Trajan, 56. Bishop Burnet, 1648.

September 16.

September 17.

September 18.

September 19.

He—to whom all tongues resigned their rights
With willingness—to whom the general ear
Listened with readier patience than to strain
Of music, lute or harp, a long delight
That ceased not when his voice had ceased—as one
Who from truth's central point serenely views
The compass of his argument.

The Excursion.

Bishop Saunderson, 1587. Lord Brougham, 1778.

September 20.

What profits all that earth
Or heaven's blue vault is suffered to put forth
Of impulse or allurements for the soul
To quit the beaten track of life, . . . if nowhere
A habitation, for consummate good,
Or for progressive virtue, by the search
Can be attained,—a better sanctuary
From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave!

Alexander the Great, B.C. 356.

The Excursion.

September 21.

The soul,
Remembering how she felt—but what she felt
Remembering not—retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity, whereto
With growing faculties she doth aspire,
With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
Have something to pursue.

Louis Bonaparte, 1778.

The Prelude.

September 19.

September 20.

September 21.

September 22.

There's not a man
That lives who hath not known his godlike hours,
And feels not what an empire we inherit
As natural beings in the strength of nature.

The immortal soul with godlike power
Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep
That time can lay upon her.

Theodore Hook, 1788.

The Prelude.

September 23.

To the grave I spake
Imploringly :—looked up and asked the Heavens
If angels traversed their cerulean floors,
If fixed or wandering star could tidings yield
Of the departed spirit—what abode
It occupies—what consciousness retains
Of former loves and interests,

Augustus, B.C. 68. Körner, 1791.

The Excursion.

September 24.

I cannot doubt that they whom you deplore
Are glorified; . . . and dwell with God in endless love.
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts.
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

Sharon Turner, 1768.

The Excursion.

September 22.

September 23.

September 24.

September 25.

She was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love;
Not speaking much; pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts; by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A Being, who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.

Mrs. Hemans, 1794.

The Excursion.

September 26.

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

Admiral Collingwood, 1750.

The Excursion.

September 27.

Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh
and strong.

Ode to Duty.

September 25.

September 26.

September 27.

September 28.

Life is love and immortality,
The being one, and one the element.
Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest to endless joy.

Sir William Jones, 1746.

The Excursion.

September 29.

Stern daughter of the voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.

Lord Nelson, 1758. Tillotson, 1630.

Ode to Duty.

September 30.

Time flies; it is his melancholy task
To bring, to bear away, delusive hopes,
And reproduce the troubles he destroys.
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Discerning Mortal ! do thou serve the will
Of Time's Eternal Master, and that peace,
Which the world wants, shall be for thee confirmed !

The Excursion.

Necker, 1734. Augusta, Empress of Germany, 1811.

September 28.

September 29.

September 30.

OCTOBER.

Byron.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, Lord Byron, the famous poet, was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22nd January, 1788. On the death of his father, which took place when he was three years old, his mother removed with her infant son to Aberdeen. She was a woman of a violent, uncertain temper, and much of the morbid unhappiness of Byron's after life was owing to her injudicious treatment of him when a child.

He succeeded to the family title in his tenth year, and was educated at Dulwich and Harrow, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge.

At an early age, when "both were young and one was beautiful," he formed a devoted attachment to Miss Chaworth, to which he alludes in "The Dream," one of the most touching poems ever written, but she did not return his passion.

"She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all;"

"But she in these fond feelings had no share."

In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, but his married life was not happy, and a separation took place in 1816, after which Byron left England, never to return.

His first publication, "Hours of Idleness," appeared in 1807, and was unsparingly criticised by Mr., afterwards Lord, Brougham, in the "Edinburgh Review." Byron retaliated in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" with great power and effect. The biting truth of this satire excited many enmities, so that afterwards the unfavourable reports which were circulated regarding him were eagerly caught up and greatly exaggerated.

His later poems, which followed each other in rapid succession, and contain some of the noblest descriptive poetry in the English language, were written during his residence abroad, and are too well known to require enumeration.

He espoused with enthusiasm the cause of Greece in her efforts to throw off the Turkish yoke, and died of fever at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, leaving a name second to none in the list of great English poets.

October 1.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline
Which makes the southern autumn's day appear
As if 'twould to a second spring resign
The season rather than to winter drear,—
Of indoor comforts still she hath a mine,—
The sea-coal fires, the "earliest of the year."

Don Juan, Canto XIII.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, 1678.

October 2.

Tyranny

Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber-chief.

The Two Foscari, Act II.

Richard III., 1452.

October 3.

He entered in the house no more his home,
A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome,
Perhaps, than even the mental pains of dying.

Don Juan, Canto III.

October 1.

October 2.

October 3.

October 4.

The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.

Parisina.

October 5.

A man some women like, and yet abuse—
A coxcomb was he by the public voice.

Beppo.

Horace Walpole, 1717.

October 6.

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose, and set not to the last.

To Augusta.

October 4.

October 5.

October 6.

October 7.

The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high.

The Giaour.

William Laud, 1573.

October 8.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle ;
His polar star being one that rather ranges,
And not the fixed—he knew the way to wheedle.

Don Juan, Canto III.

October 9.

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile : his hero's right,
And still pursues the right ;—to curb the bad
His only object ; and 'gainst odds to fight
His guerdon : 'tis his virtue makes him mad !
But his adventures form a sorry sight.

Miguel Cervantes, 1547.

Don Juan, Canto XIII.

October 7.

October 8.

October 9.

October 10.

Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
The only hypocrite deserving praise.

Corsair, Canto II.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk ;
The best of life is but intoxication.

Don Juan, Canto II.

Father Mathew, 1790.

October 11.

They never fail who die
In a great cause : the block may soak their gore ;
Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs
Be struck to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad.

Marino Faliero, Act II.

October 12.

They are not numerous, nor yet too few
For their great purpose ; they have arms, and means,
And hearts, and hopes, and faith, and patient courage.

Marino Faliero, Act I.

Columbus landed in San Salvador, 1492.

October 10.

October 11.

October 12.

October 13.

Some rumour also of some strange adventures
Had gone before him, and his wars and loves.

Don Juan, Canto xi.

I know no evil death can show, which life
Has not already shown to those who live
Embodied longest.

Sardanapalus, Act iv.

Maurice, Marshal Saxe, 1696.

October 14.

Ah ! now they fight in firmest file no more,
Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down—and trampled o'er;
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome.

Corsair, Canto ii.

Hastings, 1066. James II., 1688. William Penn, 1644.

October 15.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
Must share the common tomb of all :
Their glory will not sleep the same ;
That will arise, though empires fall.

Hours of Idleness.

Virgil, B.C. 70. Allan Ramsay, 1686.

October 13.

October 14.

October 15.

October 16.

Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

Childe Harold, Canto I.

October 17.

Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed!

Lara, Canto II.

John Wilkes, 1727.

October 18.

The best captain
Of all that discipline our nations.

Sardanapalus, Act II.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake;
Though loved, thou forebores to grieve me,
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake.

Prince Eugene, 1663.

To Augusta.

October 16.

October 17.

October 18.

October 19.

It is a pleasant voyage, perhaps, to float,
Like Pyrrho on a sea of speculation;
But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?
Your wise men don't know much of navigation.

Don Juan, Canto ix.

Sir Thomas Browne, 1605. John Adams, 1735.
Leigh Hunt, 1784.

October 20.

Those summer shadows rising from the past
Of a not ill-spent nor inglorious life,
Mellowing the last hours as the night approaches.

Marino Faliero, Act II.

Christopher Wren, 1682. Lord Palmerston, 1784.

October 21.

Young Juan wandered by the glassy brooks,
Thinking unutterable things: he threw
Himself at length within the leafy nooks
Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew.

Don Juan, Canto I.

S. T. Coleridge, 1772. Trafalgar, 1805.

October 19.

October 20.

October 21.

October 22.

The vile are only vain ; the great are proud.

Marino Faliero, Act II.

If, kindly cruel, early hope is crossed,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when love itself forgets to please.

Childe Harold, Canto II.

Sir Phillip Francis, 1740.

October 23.

She gazed upon the world she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it : silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.

Don Juan, Canto xv.

October 24.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.

Childe Harold, Canto III.

October 22.

October 23.

October 24.

October 25.

There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds!
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead.

Siege of Corinth.

October 26.

The sight
Of blood to crowds begets the thirst of more,
As the first wine-cup leads to the long revel;
And you will find a harder task to quell
Than urge them when they have commenced.

Marino Faliero, Act iv.

G. J. Danton, 1759.

October 27.

His dreams were of Old England's welcome shore,
Of toils rewarded and of dangers o'er;
His name was added to the glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded Pole.

The Island, Canto 1.

Captain Cook, 1728.

October 25.

October 26.

October 27.

October 28.

In Bertram

There is a hesitating softness, fatal
To enterprise like ours; I've seen that man
Weep like an infant o'er the misery
Of others, heedless of his own, though greater.

Marino Faliero, Act II.

Desiderius Erasmus, 1467.

October 29.

How sweet the task to shield an absent friend !
I ask but this of mine to—not defend.

Don Juan, Canto XVI.

Poor fellow ! his was an untoward fate.

Don Juan, Canto XI.

James Boswell, 1740. John Keats, 1796.

October 30.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.

Monody on Sheridan's Death.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1751.

October 28.

October 29.

October 30.

October 31.

What I have done is done ; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine :
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill or end.

Manfred, Act III.

October 31.



NOVEMBER.

Moore.

THOMAS MOORE, "the poet of all spheres and idol of his own," was born in Dublin on the 28th May, 1779. His undergraduate course in Trinity College, which he entered as a student in 1793, was highly distinguished.

Early in 1799 he says, "While yet my nineteenth year, I proceeded to London with the two not very congenial objects, of keeping my terms in the Middle Temple and publishing my translation of Anacreon." This translation, which appeared in 1800, proved at once the accuracy of his classical attainments and his poetic talent, and is thus alluded to by Byron—

"Anacreon Moore.

To whom the Lyre and Laurels have been given
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long."

Moore was gifted with a happy, genial disposition, and the singular power of making and retaining friendships, and lived on terms of intimacy with most of the literary and several of the eminent statesmen of his time. Through the influence of Lord Moira he received a government appointment at Bermuda, and having taken possession of his office, he visited the principal cities of America, and returned to England after an absence of fourteen months.

His "Odes and Epistles," published soon after his return, contain "the most pleasing and most exact description of Bermuda;" and the "Twopenny Post-Bag," which appeared in 1813, is full of brilliant fancy and pungent political allusions.

Some remarks in the "Edinburgh Review," supposed to be a reflection on Moore's personal character, led to a hostile meeting between him and Jeffrey, which gave rise to much amusement at their expense, as it was found the pistols had been loaded only with paper pellets. An explanation ensued, which resulted in a life-long friendship.

Moore's reputation as a fertile and brilliant writer was now so well established, that Longman agreed to pay three thousand guineas for "Lalla Rookh" before a line of it was written. In 1819 he travelled through France with Lord John Russell, and visited Byron at Venice. The next two years he lived in Paris, and wrote the "Loves of the Angels" and the "Epicurean."

He is now best known by his "Irish Melodies," which will be appreciated so long as suitable words set to expressive music of exquisite tenderness have power to charm.

November 1.

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Unembittered and free did the tear-drop descend;
We forgot in that hour how the statesman had erred,
And wept for the husband, the father and friend.

Lines on the Death of Mr. Percival.

Spencer Percival, Prime Minister, 1762.

November 2.

And Frenchmen learned to crush the throne they
served.

.
Who pant for licence, while they spurn control,
And shout for rights with rapine in their souls.

Epistle VI.—To Lord Viscount Forbes.

Marie Antoinette, 1755.

November 3.

Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be
Unknown to Cook.

The Sceptic.

Captain Cook, Navigator, 1728.

November 1.

November 2.

November 3.

November 4.

How lightly mounts the muse's wing
Whose theme is in the skies—
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
The nearer heaven they rise.

Sacred Songs.

James Montgomery, Poet, 1771.

November 5.

To the bleak climes of Polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his reindeer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow.

Melologue.

Sir John Richardson, Arctic Explorer, 1787.

November 6.

Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by Fate—
While some *chef-d'œuvres* live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone!

Twopenny Post-Bag.

Colley Cibber, Dramatist, 1671.

November 4.

November 5.

November 6.

November 7.

You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Alfred de Musset, French Novelist, 1804.

November 8.

Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown ;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunned by summer's zone.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Captain John Byron, Navigator, 1721.

November 9.

Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay ;
But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now on our Prince's Day.

Irish Melodies.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, 1841.

November 7.

November 8.

November 9.

November 10.

The lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away;
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With Heaven's rainbow; alchemists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

Mahomet, A.D. 570.

Veiled Prophet.

November 11.

Forms such as Nature moulds when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings !

Veiled Prophet.

Count Gleichen, Sculptor, 1833.

November 12.

I more than once have heard at night
A song like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seemed, like thee, to breathe of Heaven.

Juvenile Poems.

Catterina Gabriella, Vocalist, 1730.

November 10.

November 11.

November 12.

November 13.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, th' eternal brook
In whose holy mirror night and day
Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray.

St. Augustine to his Sister.

St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, A.D. 354.

November 14.

With silent awe we listened while he told
Of the dark veil which many an age had hung
O'er Nature's form, till long explored by man,
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous.

Who mused, amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore.

Sir Charles Lyell, Geologist, 1797. *A Vision of Philosophy.*

November 15.

Lives there none

To act a Marvell's part ? I fear not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends ;
Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill die !

Andrew Marvell, 1630.

Corruption.

November 13.

November 14.

November 15.

November 16.

O'er Nature's form to glance the eye,
• And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges ere they fly,
Her evening blushes ere they fade !

On a Portrait.

Francis Danby, A.R.A., Irish Marine Painter, 1793.

November 17.

Music ! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they ;
Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

Michell Carafa, Neapolitan Musician, 1787.

Irish Melody.

November 18.

If thus to touch the bosom's tend'rest spring,
By calling into life such forms as bring
Back to our sad remembrance some of those
We've smiled and wept with in their joys and woes.
If this be deem'd the victory of art—
If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare
The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart
Before all eyes be Genius—it is *there*.

Sir David Wilkie, R.A., 1785.

Rhymes on the Road.

November 16.

November 17.

November 18.

November 19.

By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
We fancy Charles was just and Strafford mild.

The Sceptic.

Charles I., 1600.

November 20.

Oh, Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

A Melologue.

John Wall Callcott, Musical Composer, 1766.

November 21.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave;—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.

Boat Glee.

James Clarke Hook, R.A., Marine Painter, 1819.

November 19.

November 20.

November 21.

November 22.

Then in a flow
Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
Through many a system, where the scattered light
Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam
From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,
And bright through every change.

Vision of Philosophy.

Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy, 1758.

November 23.

Some book that tells of vanished fame,
Whose light once round us shone ;
Of chieftains, now forgot, who seemed
The foremost then in fame ;
Of bards who, once immortal deemed,
Now sleep without a name.

Dr. Thos. Bireh, Biographical Writer, 1705.

Irish Melody.

November 24.

Who that ever hath heard him hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire and the force
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown.

Irish Melody.

John Philpot Curran, Orator, 1750.

November 22.

November 23.

November 24.

November 25.

And there are tears too—tears that memory sheds
Ev'n o'er the feast that mimic fancy spreads,
When her heart misses *one* lamented guest,
Whose eye so long threw light o'er all the rest !
There, there, indeed, the muse forgets her task,
And, drooping, weeps behind Thalia's mask.

Prologue.

Charles Kemble, Actor, 1775.

November 26.

At morn we met
The venerable man ; a virgin bloom
Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
That towered upon his brow ; as when we see
The gentle moon and the full, radiant sun
Shining in heaven together. When he spoke,
'Twas language sweetened into song.

William Cowper, Poet, 1781.

A Vision of Philosophy.

November 27.

By-the-bye, you've seen *Rokeby*?—this moment got
mine—

The Mail Coach edition—prodigiously fine !

The Twopenny Post-Bag.

John Murray, Publisher, 1778.

November 25.

November 26.

November 27.

November 28.

To catch the thought by painting's spell,
Howe'er remote, howe'er refined,
And o'er the kindling canvas tell
The silent story of the mind.
We feel the magic of thy art,
And own it with a zest, a zeal,
A pleasure, nearer to the heart
Than critic taste can ever feel.

To the Duke of Montpensier—on a Portrait.
William Blake, Artist and Engraver, 1757.

November 29.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page ?
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage !
Too formed for peace to act a conqueror's part,
Too trained in camps to learn a statesman's art—
Nature designed thee for a hero's mould.

Epistle VII.

Sir Philip Sidney, Poet and Soldier, 1554.

November 30.

O Reason ! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew !
Through what small vistas o'er the darkened brain
Thy intellectual day-dream bursts again.

Veiled Prophet.

Dean Swift, Author, 1667.

November 28.

November 29.

November 30.

DECEMBER.

Longfellow.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the gifted American poet, was born in Portland, in the state of Maine, on the 27th February, 1807. He is now in his seventy-first year, but his genius burns brightly as ever, and his latest songs "gush from the heart" with all the freshness and vigour of youth.

He was educated at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, in which he filled the office of Professor of Modern Languages for some years. Before entering on his duties as professor he spent three years and six months in Europe, visiting Italy, France, Germany, Spain, and England, during which time he acquired an extensive knowledge of the literature of these countries.

In 1835 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard College, Cambridge, and again visited Europe, spending some time in Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland. He returned to America, and entered on the duties of his office in 1836.

He holds a high rank among living authors, and of all the American poets is the most extensively read and most highly appreciated in Europe. Several editions of his works have been issued in England, and many of his poems have become "household words" wherever the English language is spoken. His poetry is marked by tenderness of feeling, purity of sentiment, and a pleasing elegance of style: he is specially happy in his translations. He has studied the literature of most European nations, and gathered flowers from them all. *Nullum goud tetigit, non ornavit.*

His readers are more than admirers—they are friends; and he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is appreciated with that affectionate regard which he has longed for as his highest reward.

"Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
But the endeavour for the self-same ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

December 1.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife;
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be !
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust.

Princess of Wales, 1844.

The Building of the Ship.

December 2.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

The Psalm of Life.

December 3.

O, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

Robert Bloomfield, 1766.

Autumn.

December 1.

December 2.

December 3.

December 4.

To-morrow ! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries to me : " Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer : " I am satisfied ;
I dare not ask ; I know not what is best ;
God hath already said what shall betide."

To-Morrow.

Thomas Carlyle, 1795.

December 5.

Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian ;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight.

The Spanish Student.

December 6.

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill ;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will ;—
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

Warren Hastings, 1732.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

December 4.

December 5.

December 6.

December 7.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.
And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Flowers.

December 8.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast.
Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Mary, Queen of Scots, 1542.

The Rainy Day.

December 9.

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long-ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more,—
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers.

Gustavus Adolphus, 1594. Milton, 1608. *The Golden Legend.*

December 7.

December 8.

December 9.

December 10.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Hogarth, 1697.

Sunrise on the Hills.

December 11.

The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.
Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

Sir David Brewster, 1781.

Haunted Houses.

December 12.

Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Admiral Hood, 1724.

The Spanish Student.

December 10.

December 11.

December 12.

December 13.

Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.
Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

Dean Stanley, 1815.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

December 14.

All is of God. If He but wave His hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.
Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

Charles Wolfe, 1791.

The Two Angels.

December 15.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things;
And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

Jerome Bonaparte, 1784.

Flowers.

December 13.

December 14.

December 15.

December 16.

Clear fount of light ! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade ;
Mansion of truth ! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;
But, sentinell'd in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eyes beholds, yet fears not death.

Charles Wesley, 1708.

Translation from Spanish.

December 17.

Thy finer sense perceives
Celestial and perpetual harmonies !
Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,
Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,
And when the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,
Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,
And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.

The Golden Legend.

Sir Humphrey Davy, 1778. Beethoven, 1779.

December 18.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.
O, that dew, like balm shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;
And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart.

Maidenhood.

December 16.

December 17.

December 18.

December 19.

O, weary hearts ! O, slumbering eyes !
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again !
No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Rubens, 1577.

Endymion.

December 20.

More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf ?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies ?

The Spanish Student.

December 21.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought ;"
And I answer—"Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me ?
No endeavour is in vain ;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

Earl Beaconsfield, 1805.

The Wind over the Chimney.

December 19.

December 20.

December 21.

December 22.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.
Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

God's-Acre.

December 23.

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts :
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.

Sir R. Arkwright, 1732.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

December 24.

“ For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er ! ”
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Re-echoed down the burning chords—
“ For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er ! ”

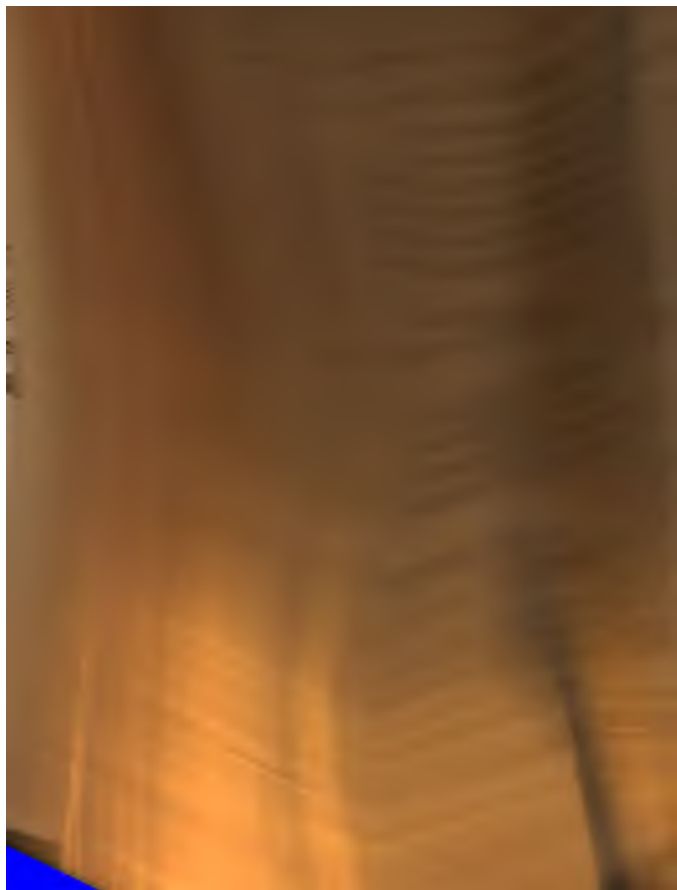
George Crabbe, 1754.

Occultation of Orion.

December 22.

December 23.

December 24.



December 22.

December 23.

December 24.

December 25.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men,
And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Sir Isaac Newton, 1642.

Christmas Bells.

December 26.

Gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle wings,—
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope at evening goes.

Thomas Gray, 1716.

The Spirit of Poetry.

December 27.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."
Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals,
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

December 25.

December 26.

December 27.

December 28.

There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away.

The Golden Legend.

December 29.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart
Be resolute and calm.
Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

W. E. Gladstone, 1809.

The Psalm of Life.

December 30.

Into the Silent Land !
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
The mildest herald, by our faith allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land.

Song of the Silent Land.

December 28.

December 29.

December 30.

December 31.

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses—
To what temptation in lone wildernesses,
I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,—
But without rash conjecture or suggestion,
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "THE END" I read. *Palingenesis.*

Wickliffe, 1384. Charles Edward Stuart, 1721.

September 31.

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